

# Gros In Exile



Leilah Wendell

# Eros In Exile

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For Daniel.....Forever.

### The Rapture

My heavy heart, his leaden wings  
together  
have the strength  
to lift many souls  
from the shackles of this earthly prison  
to the halls of eternity.  
Into his arms  
as vast as time  
come millions seeking but a kiss,  
a memory,  
a sweetness thought forgotten,  
rekindled on those cold, clay lips-  
The rapture to which we all succumb,  
is Death.

## Eros In Exile

by Lillah Wendell



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## melancholy

We are the sound  
that I am making in your mind.  
Yl song played on the wind,  
blowing softly through the cave of dream.

You touch the sound  
and like a ripple, all is glistening.  
this is how  
a moment changes  
all things  
are intertwined and interbracing  
all time,  
captures light just like a diamond  
reflecting colour  
from a crystal gaze.

We are the song  
that echoes in your canyoned valleys,  
plays upon your dancing branches,  
fills your soul with such  
a bitter-sweet.

## This Song

I speak in sounds  
because there are no words-  
No language reveals  
what we feel-  
more than a whispered scream

I touch the sound  
and cringe in its echo.  
It is cold and hollow-  
It is silent yet piercing-  
It is a minstrel of diving dissonant-  
A lullaby sung to sleepers in their graves.  
The shadow of a melody that I remember  
from some distant life.

And this song has touched me  
even here.  
Stained me with an ancient weeping  
and I recall that I am the silence  
where this heart once was.  
I occupy that hollow place-  
That cave of winds  
where whispers collect in the emptiness  
and pierce the tenuous membrane  
between body and spirit  
and slay the soul  
with such passionate melancholy.  
This song

of ages past and times to come  
is beyond the range  
of human voice-  
beyond the grasp  
of human ear.

We are the minstrels of sorrow  
who cannot stop singing  
for fear that the quiet  
would break the chain  
of life and death.  
We cannot stop the song  
from carrying us all  
along its swift, unending current.

We are a sadness  
that is so old  
it cannot remember its own birth.  
We have been here for so long  
that we have forgotten how  
to return home-  
or even where  
that welcomed shore resides.

Sing, Oh, sing to me  
that I might remember  
the sound of this song without words-  
This requiem that reminds me of home.  
Even though it cannot be heard.  
It devastates me still.

## In Exile

I have not known flesh before,  
nor left a footprint in your sand.  
This raiment is a fragile form  
that's always dying in a storm.

I cannot ride a shooting star,  
nor leash the lightning to my side.  
No longer can I feel the kiss  
of melancholy eventide.

Sealed inside this living clay,  
my wings are bound by bone and blood,  
even dreams will not release  
nor fantasy afford some peace.

I am in exile in your world,  
severed from god's darkling host,  
here to teach the things I knew  
so well when I was there with you.

Now, so distant from that shore,  
I strain to hear your spectral voice  
and understand the reason why  
I must, on your behest, comply.

My memory unfolds some truth  
and seals it in a paper cage  
that anyone among you may

with gentle ease, come steal away.

Like a phoenix rising from the dust,  
all truth, as it is written, must  
be cast into the fiery lake  
and sleep til cleansing dreams awake.

### Wake Up!

In this life I dream that I am awake.  
No solitary image,  
but a scope of time and space,  
limited only by its transmutations,  
and made infinite  
because of them.  
Nothing eternal lives forever—  
in one form.  
All life is made possible by death.

In this dying I dreamed that I had lived.  
A multitude of incarnations  
unfolding into one,  
intangible silhouette,  
A chrysalis to the whims of thought  
and the winds of change.  
In this dream, within a dream,  
all worlds collapse into a pinpoint  
with multitude facets.  
Each overlaps and mirrors the other,  
creating the whole.  
And it is here I am imprisoned  
in a diamond  
where all of the facets are mirrors,  
and all of the mirrors are liquid.  
Each time a choice is made,  
we dive into reflections.  
Every ripple

touches and disturbs each image.  
Each image  
creates a new facet.  
Each facet  
becomes a doorway  
that we can pass through  
unknownst to ourselves.  
And each doorway  
represents the progression of our path  
and of our purpose.  
Each, a world unto its own,  
both created and destroyed  
when the dreamer wakes.



### R.I.P.

Nothing like this dream-  
The space of time  
and span of days

Life is nothing  
like this dream-  
This wallowing in tedium  
and drinking of mediocrity

We strive to become  
what we once were-  
Struggle to remember...Try to forget

Try as we may  
we cannot escape  
the cycle of half-life-  
The spiral of Eternity  
leads to but a moment  
when the Infinite blinks  
and Time collapses...

Then, we can rest.

### "Objects in the Mirror are Closer Than They Appear"

Night's splendours on vast, obsidian seas,  
distant, flickering and so far away-  
The hearth-light draws me with its warmth  
to my home beyond this cage of clay.

Like a wayward moth, drawn to the flame,  
I rise and soar to greet her light  
and beg the winds add to my loft,  
yea, tho' she is beyond my flight.

For I grow weary from the strain  
of spanning distance- time and space  
with wings that have been clipped and bound  
to fall into your jewelled embrace-

To lift your veils, a thousand-fold,  
I must be free to soar as high,  
to reach your lips and catch your tears  
and see your form personify.....

...the dance, must for a moment, cease  
and every star fall from the sky,  
each ember, a facet of your form-  
consumes me where I lie.

## A Diamond in a Cage of Shadows

Speak to me  
with your voice  
that has no sound-  
Tho' your words move mountains  
they do not disturb the silence-  
They do not penetrate the conscious mind.  
Your tales  
are woven into dreams-  
capturing sleepers  
in webs of shadow-  
entangling them  
forever tethered in your thoughts-  
interlaced within your rapture-  
a prisoner of destiny-  
A diamond in a cage of shadows.

Hear me  
with your ears  
that are deaf to spoken language.  
You understand  
only the language of the soul-  
the speech of the heart-  
the sound of emotion  
is like music  
in your hollow ears.

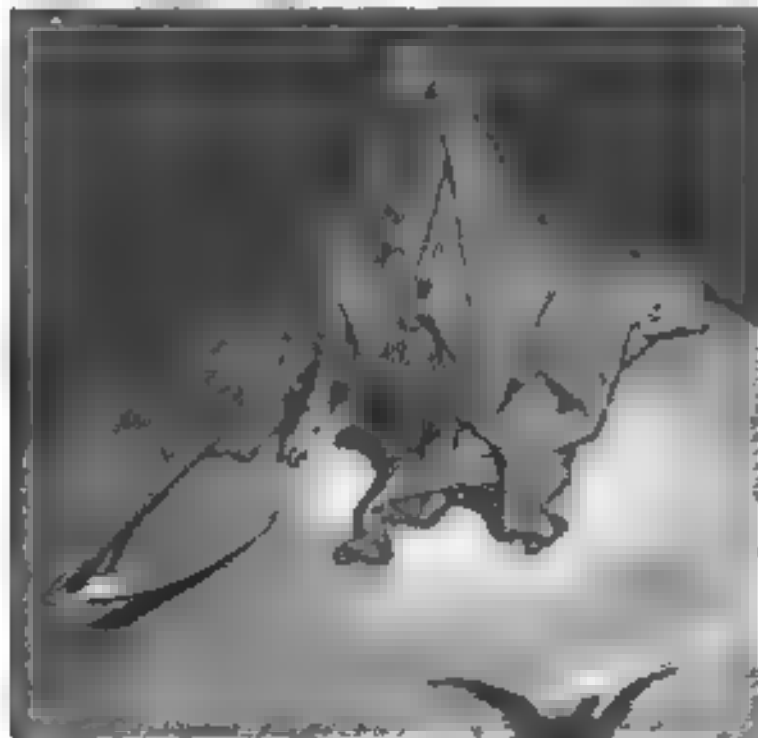
See me  
with your eyes

that have no sight.  
Yet within their deepest black  
lie the visions  
of all time-  
and of all places.  
For they are like  
two black vortices  
drawing all life and light into them.  
Slowly emptying the universe  
and filling up your vision  
until everything  
is contained within them.  
Your tears of light-  
the afterglow  
of what has been.

Touch me  
with your hands  
that have no form.  
Yet your arms lift millions from their worlds-  
and your wings  
create a billowing  
that raises seas  
to swallow worlds.

Kiss me  
with your lips  
that cannot taste the sweetness of my love-  
and I will kiss you back  
so that you might know the flavour of that desire.

I am your empath-  
 to feel and express  
 what you cannot  
 and to touch others  
 with your melancholy.  
 We are so old-  
 so solitary-  
 so wrapt in twilight ecstasy  
 that few can see our tears.  
 They are like diamonds  
 in a cage of shadows.  
 You cannot look upon them  
 without being contained in their reflection



# A Silent Sound: (Eros Writes of Thanatos)

A silent sound  
 is the one my lover makes  
 when he comes alive.  
 A yearning expressed  
 but not heard  
 falls from his image  
 in tears that dissipate into fragile light  
 his touch is like an electric wind  
 charging the edges of my soul.  
 His kiss is a breathless cold  
 that inhales life  
 and exhales the perfume of the crypt.  
 I am the living part of Death,  
 a delicate balancing of two worlds.  
 A precarious entity  
 with a foothold in many dimensions  
 and a wingspan that stretches  
 from shore to shore.

A silent sound  
 is all that most will hear  
 of our cry.  
 An uneasiness  
 will be the only remnant of our madness.  
 The only evidence of our love  
 be found in trails of nightmare  
 few will chase.

My lover is a gentle fury  
who embraces with a storm  
and slays souls with a touch of his hand  
that pierces like a lightning bolt!  
his truth is absolute.  
his kiss, irrevocable.

A silent sound speaks  
of a love expressed  
so beyond human understanding  
it cannot be heard.  
So difficult a language  
that it cannot be translated.  
So veiled in melancholy  
that it cannot be recognized  
by any but the Great Spirit  
and certain guardians of the Gates.  
I am the living part of Death,  
and though I haven't his power,  
I do have his understanding-  
and sometimes...his vision  
find I can hear the sound  
that falls from silent lips,  
and I answer with a kiss.

### Prayer to Elzrael

In the shadow voice  
I speak your name,  
Elzrael...  
through the darkness of the humid night,  
it resonates  
in cathedral carillons,  
tolling, like some great, deep bell  
heard for miles afar,  
tailed on the swell of the wind,  
this symphony,  
mighty in sorrow  
came on huge, dark and silent wings,  
obliterating all light,  
extinguishing every flame  
that strives to survive your immense unfurling.

Your name, an attribute, a mortal gift,  
a blessing passed through many lips  
and given meaning in their prayers.

A word  
becomes an invocation  
simply by the emotion  
imbued in its speaking.

Elzrael...

The sirens sing your name  
in ways that bring the angels  
and the demons to their knees.  
They cannot help that they have fallen.

Your name stills the heart,  
silences their breath,  
culls the flame of longing from their loins.  
Hush—  
the name is love  
and ever fleeting in that kiss,  
that eternity could be so quick,  
so demonstrative in but a moment  
where time does not exist  
and forever  
becomes the blink of an eye,  
yet so much longer  
than these days.  
We speak your name,  
and like them, fall,  
weak-kneed into your cold, cold arms  
just waiting for that kiss,  
however fleeting it may seem,  
it is longer than our days  
and fuller than our nights  
and so much stronger than our dreams profess,  
and so much sweeter when life is willing  
to surrender to this song

### When He Comes

He comes not like a thief in the night,  
nor descends on flailing bladed wings.  
No malice has he toward the fearing soul  
No anger spits from his still, cold lips.  
He comes as the gentle whisper of winter wind,  
or the quick gusts of the lightning bolt  
immediate yet lingering as if embraced  
by a darkling shadow or a twilight shade.  
He is not the wielder of the killing blade.

The River of Death teems not with blood,  
nor the tears of selfish grief.  
No lost souls are there adrift upon the current,  
only lich-lights remain to mark each journey,  
silent ripples on the deep, dark waters  
that gently kiss indivisible shores.

He is not the barrenness of bones,  
nor the stagnance of a winter pool.  
He is the fullness of an autumn bouquet  
and that which runs rife in the misty bog.  
He is the free acceptance of primordial change  
where no conditions stem the eye,  
where no tears float like heavy oils  
on the surface of such crystal waters.

He is the twilight forever bounded  
by the two extremes of day and night

time is the moment wherein all things do change-  
The stoppage of time and elimination of space  
between all that was and all that is,  
and all that shall be, is a stationary point  
that contains all times at once  
and all space on a narrow bridge,  
where everything culminates in a "winking out"-  
a moment of darkness  
wherein all reality is contained  
and all illusion cast aside.

Death is the dream come to flesh  
only to shed the veil of sleep  
and reveal the naked form of Truth  
reclining peacefully and shaded by life's afterglow.

When time comes, all of man's truths shall shatter  
and the thin icy skin afloat on the waters  
shall crack from the weight of a single soul.

### In My Fallen Hours

In my fallen hours,  
I paint the ultimate abyss-  
a place of dreams and shadows  
where hearts tumble like dead wood into the raving.  
The raving is a cool and pleasing place  
because it is solitary, devoid of humanity,  
expatriate of Faith.  
It is a place of creation...  
via destruction,  
a no-man's land,  
where man is unfit to travel  
because he cannot traverse the lanes  
too narrow for passage,  
too lofty for flight on such wings of atrophy.  
The abyss swallows the little man,  
ill prepared for the journey,  
too light for the winds...  
too heavy to be aloft within them.  
Mankind is burdened by their bulk...  
but, better mankind is burdened  
by their illusion of matter  
The concept of earth weighs them down;  
leithers them to dark direction...  
the narrow path, the gilded road,  
is all illusion in the end.  
For, in the end is the sweetness of sweet surrender...  
to the knowing that all has passed,  
and form has devolved into pure thought.

and thought has succumb to pure logic,  
and logic has fallen victim to love...  
and love survives amidst the brambles of life and  
Death.

And Love becomes the ultimate killer,  
and Death becomes the ultimate lover...  
And what better lover is there  
than one whom you are consumed by totally  
and who consumes you?



## And Nothing of Time

And when he touched me, my heart became a  
shadow,

My life, an overreaching of my soul,  
An elongated image of a very small design  
that the twilight somehow engendered  
into imaginary strides.

But, when he touched me, and I regained  
perspective,  
my life was so much smaller than it seemed,  
so much less imposing than the shadow it had cast-  
so much more a part of memory.

Then he touched me, and I forgot all I once was,  
for all I am, where the view from the bridge  
has no perspective other than the immediate moment  
in which it contained all of eternity  
and nothing of time.

## Lost & Found

I am being lost unto the union of our souls.  
The fabric of my thoughts  
unraveled like an intricate lace,  
fraying at the edges of sanity.  
I am drowning in the deadly sweetness of our love.  
Beneath its surface I can see,  
but not touch  
the part of me  
that is left behind.

My purpose is the anchor  
that holds me to this world,  
and my flesh, the fragile vessel  
in which I travel through the sea of humanity.  
I have outgrown my ship  
and part of me has escaped into its sails  
that unfurl into magnificent, black wings.  
The wind beneath them,  
and the moonlight searing their edges  
with a blue and silver frang  
makes me feel  
like an electric phoenix  
that draws its life from the lightning.

But I am not as I once was.  
We have evolved into some sort of hybrid.  
My mind absorbed into an entity

that cannot express its thoughts in words,  
and so, my tongue cannot formulate the sounds  
that describe my meaning.

This language betrays the mood of the moment.  
I search  
in the eyes of others  
for the reflection of my true soul,  
for no glass can see beneath this opaque mask.

I yearn to strip it all away!  
To free my wings from this cramped casing.  
To breathe in,  
one last time,  
and exhale my spirit into the night air,  
and watch it return  
to its true form...

I am lost  
for only a few moments  
as our souls align-  
But I am found forever  
in the union that they create.



## Whispers

Something stirring, in the dark  
    Something distant, cold, alone,  
There in pale mist of memory,  
    The melancholic shadows bow  
        and stretch their withered limbs around  
The Earth.  
Sunken eyes look up from shallow mud;  
    gravebed left unmade, winding shaggy billow  
        in the breath of beckoning-  
        a voice! Inaudible, yet understood,  
    icy hand, clutching at the dust,  
    shadows rise, and are quick to enfold me:  
        I wear them like a cloak.

## Metamorphosis

In my dreams  
there are a million people shouting  
    and their screams  
    call out an anguish  
        so diving  
    that angels weep,  
    their tears like fragile gems  
    and frozen memories  
        that we keep  
safe behind the walls of sleep.

It is where  
    the shadows grow,  
    embracing amber afterglow,  
    where lesser angels faint away,  
not nearly strong enough are they  
    to face the frozen flame  
    that lies so deep within  
    the spectral eyes.

In my dreams,  
I live a nightmare  
    so surreal  
that everything I think  
    is real  
    is not.

In this vision  
I am caged  
within a warm, elastic cell,  
a tenuous and fragile hell  
wherefrom I cannot fly.  
My wings, a phantom in my mind  
do not exist  
among this kind.

It is when  
the shadows grow,  
my arms extended upward show  
an image of my imprisoned soul  
shadowed in the afterglow.

There I am  
transformed and made  
a chrysalis,  
a part of both,  
yet whole of neither  
this nor that world.

In my dreams  
I stretch  
across the narrow river  
bridging Time and Space,  
my wings bordering each place  
I touch  
becomes part of the other.  
It is how  
we are transfigured.

It is why  
the metamorphosis  
is as striking  
or as subtle  
as an angel whispering on the wind.



## Stone Angel

Death surround me, take me in.  
I need the shelter you provide  
to hide my melancholy. I seek the solemn joys that  
once  
were kindled in the jasmine flame;  
The bloodied wing; The stain  
of red on whitened lips.  
My home is where acolytes dance  
and whisper in angelic tongues.  
Soft shadows paint the mossy stone  
and hide beneath the ivy.  
When no place on this man's Earth  
is home, I come home  
to the places no man goes  
and seek the silent sentinel,  
along winged and open hand,  
given spectral life in the twilight.  
She moves and welcomes  
and sometimes cries for those  
who cannot comprehend her watch.  
The Keeper of the Silent Secret.  
A hush more loud than death.  
More solemn are her marble eyes,  
more joyous is her message.  
Look hard, and we are one,  
along, fading into night.  
We draw in our welcome

only to those that reside  
within the House of Death  
and the keeper thereof,  
who drapes his velvet dark  
over her cold weathered form  
so that the stars won't see  
the stark white beauty she is.  
Would if she could  
fly off with him,  
her massive wings thundering  
in the wind.  
The darkness blowing around her,  
The first light of dawn  
framing their flight.  
The scarlet and amber, eerie and cool  
peers into those forsaken corners  
where she once reigned  
and finds a marble ghost;  
An empty shell remains.  
Would only if she could  
flee her stoic watch.  
Would only if we could.

## Heavy Halo

I hear my angel weeping-  
somewhere in the still of the night,  
somewhere out of human sight.  
In this sad despair is keeping  
this only weakness to himself.

Never should this world bear witness-  
to the depths of this private sorrow,  
to the moments of this long tomorrow  
The forever this must share  
with Time and Memory beside him.

And in the loneliness of angels-  
he counts the years, as we do, hours,  
beside the river where the jasmine flowers,  
dark and fragrant in the shallow gloom-  
his stands expressionless, silent, and solemn.

Yet, I know that Death is weeping.  
His anguish wakes me from my sleeping.  
Tears of light, like cold rain fall  
upon my heart, upon my soul.

Give me your pain and heavy heart.  
Let me drink it in with greater thirst  
until all that I am is immersed

in the sweet melancholy of your soul.  
Only then, am I bathed in your love.  
Only then, do you make me whole.

I wear your grief as an awkward crown.  
A glorious yet mournful veil  
that is both lace, and iron mesh.  
Its weight is like a heavy halo,  
an overcasting within our spirit  
that requires more than my flesh can give  
to sustain this duality whilst we live.

Tied yet, forever in this dark romance-  
our souls tethered and interlaced  
through all the living we have faced,  
through all the dying we've embraced,  
has deepened both the joy and sorrow  
to a level where they both must meet.

Within the mesh of cosmic weaving-  
there are strands we have unraveled.  
Uncharted crossroads we have traveled  
in the search for one another.

Still, I know my love is weeping.  
I cry the tears that he was keeping  
locked away in secret silence  
behind the truth his strength conceals-  
so much bittersweet.

As One, and yet still so divided.  
We cannot touch, we are too far.  
We cannot see, we are too close-  
We are within each other sleeping.  
One soul inside the other weeping.

Yet, our passion, like an eternal flame-  
flickers in the darkness of the crypt,  
warms the sleepers in shadows gripped  
and glimmers on the sinew of cobweb veils.

We are ergated by their dreaming,  
Thought-forms with faint auras beaming!

Oh, how sweet a your breathless kiss-  
like a cold, alone angel on a moonlit night,  
Ever so silent, your pale lips invite  
a seduction that cannot be expressed  
in human terms.

Your velvet pall comes over me-  
like a storm cloud out of the blue,  
your lamphlick wings are in my view-  
casting shadows that blanket the earth  
in a cool and eerie twilight.

And yet, I hear my angel weeping-  
somewhere deep within its fold,  
between the days and nights that hold-  
twilight up, like two tall pillars

with an eclipse for its crown,  
And in your tears, let me drown  
these sorrows that we both do share.  
And wash away this sweet despair.  
And flood you with eternal love.  
I give all that I am to you-  
in this, our final rendezvous.

We shall meet where life and Death-  
come together in a kiss.  
Our spirits merge in ergasias  
and spread these half formed wings  
around a world that weeps in turn  
for reasons they can't quite discern.  
Between the veil of tears they wear,  
they see not clear enough to care.

Yet I tell you, Death is weeping-  
somewhere deep within the night,  
somewhere out of human sight,  
beside the shallows of this stream,  
His tears disturb the stillness there  
with ripples touching everywhere.  
From shore to shore and sea to sea-  
I reach across to you, and yet,  
it is as if your silhouette  
is all that's left for me to hold.  
I cannot loose it from the fold  
of time and space.

the anguish wakes me from my sleeping.  
 the tears of night, like jewels I'm keeping-  
 as memories of both joy and sorrow  
 until the calla me home tomorrow.



## The Sign

I can hear all the voices  
 and they are saying-  
 Look not into what stares you straight on-  
 for it looks only into shadow  
 and it is a reflection  
 of what is to come.

I am at a gentle distance  
 and you are its center.  
 You revolve so that you can follow  
 the line of my thoughts  
 I am moving so fast  
 that you only see me  
 as a stationary point-  
 Yet I explode  
 and you close your eyes.

## Duanga

I shall be forgotten,  
given to the whims and winds of change,  
swallowed in time.  
Adrift upon the ever changing sea,  
All that we know,  
and feel,  
and cherish  
shall be compacted into seeds  
and cast upon the infinite tides of space.  
Our loves, our hopes, our dreams-  
Falling embers of what we were,  
Dissolving in the still sea...  
A sea of tears and memories  
that can never reconnect  
emotion and reason...  
sensation and response...  
with no limbs  
with which to embrace the winds of change,  
how can we ever hope to be complete?

This is the cry of a generation.  
The whimper of a race  
straddling the cosmic scythe.  
There is a kind of unease,  
A dissonance between the veils,  
A shuddering...  
and a sigh.  
A sense of the Impending Moment.

crashing down like thunder,  
sweeping up like wind.  
Do you feel it?  
If not, you must be truly dead,  
Dead to the collective soul.  
Nerve endings cauterized  
by constant exposure to the mediocrity  
of what we have created.  
Look around you!  
Do your eyes not burn with visions?  
When something strikes deep,  
does your mind not desensitize the heart  
and keep it numb of reaction?  
What are you protecting yourself from?

"They have forgotten how to feel,  
because they do not remember.  
When they drown in the sea  
of their own tears and blood  
they shall forget their humanity,  
and remember what they are...  
shadows pressed in the folds of time,  
and we are the ghosts  
that haunt their world.  
We are the memories,  
the dreams unattained.  
We are what they may become...  
in time.

### Ballad of the New Aeon

Ours is the age of the withered bloom.  
Of leaves that crackle underfoot.  
Of harvests dark and twilight streams.  
We dance amidst the veiled extremes  
of living Death and Dying life,  
no boundaries between them cast.  
Shade and spectre, hand in hand,  
cling to grains of falling sand  
within the glass where time is fleet,  
no shadows rise to greet the dawn,  
no spectres sleep in this dark wood  
where solitary sorrow stood  
tall against the winds of change,  
enrobed in veils of ice and mist,  
with heart in hand, he kissed the wind  
and tore away his plume, once pinned  
by nail and shackle, robe and bone,  
his agony, endured, alone.  
Once free, he leapt into the sky...  
on half a wing and nothing more,  
though grains of sand he'd tucked away  
could not keep sweet Death at bay.  
The idolon of sorrow fell;  
a shooting star against the night,  
a cool, blue tail of afterglow  
trailed his descent far below,  
into the waters, still and deep,  
the flaming phoenix embers rained.

In silent and majestic grace,  
Sorrow drowned without a trace.

A single ripple, low and soft  
fanned out to the distant shore,  
where stars are dark and shadows bright,  
where Time and Space as one unite  
to weave a bridge between both worlds,  
a tethering of great expanse  
'twixt the living and the dead,  
is tangled in a single thread.  
No thicker than a spider's silk,  
it spans the river, deep and dark  
where sorrow fell, on half a wing  
and children of the dead at all sing  
their lullabies of living Death,  
and Dying life, they keep their watch  
so solemnly on either shore  
for the idolon they adore...

Sweet Sorrow, let our song invoke  
with tears beside your watery grave.  
We've gathered feathers, bone and vine  
and hold you from that cold decline  
to mend your wings, and sew your veil  
and bear you to your desolate throng  
in the Valley of Eternal Shade  
where fled lilies in serenade.

Ours is the age of the withered bloom.



Of leaves that crackle underfoot,  
 Of harvests dark, and swollen streams...  
 of blood, of tears, of tortured dreams  
 of living Death, and Dying Life,  
 of rapture on the cold, sharp knife.  
 The song of our sweet idolon  
 still harkens from the gloaming yon  
 to souls asleep in sorrow's tomb  
 enwrapped in bone and vine and plum  
 and pregnant with the dreams of gloom!



## Melancholy Kiss

I have been waiting here  
 for so long  
 for a ship  
 that is lost at sea  
 or has run adrift  
 within some stormy gale.

I cannot see beyond the haze  
 that distorts  
 your shadow  
 as it rises up  
 and over the horizon.  
 I stand at the edge  
 of a dreary cliff.  
 The cool water  
 lapping at my feet,  
 the wind blowing through  
 my dying soul  
 like a breeze  
 through a hollow tree.

I have been waiting here  
 forever, it seems,  
 a thousand lifetimes  
 have I come  
 back to this place,  
 this familiar precipice,  
 this immeasurable expanse

that I cannot bridge  
simply by dying.

Oh, no- It is far more difficult  
than that  
Far more complex  
than a simple footfall,  
or the push of a hand.

I cannot see beyond the veil  
my tears often weave.  
Their crystal patterns  
and kaleidoscope colours  
make it hard  
to spot the shadow  
of your sails,  
like dark wings  
billowing in the winds of time.

I have been waiting here,  
in this place  
where Time and Space  
hold us captive  
to some ancient will,  
some purpose  
that a thousand lifetimes  
must fulfill-

I understand  
in fleeting moments,

but they do not always ease my pain.  
They are never  
quite enough  
to wipe away  
the veil of tears  
I have been wearing  
all these years  
waiting for your melancholy kiss.



## Ghosts

Running to, running from.  
It's a shadow that is chasing  
eclestial footsteps in the snow.  
A voice within the undertow  
is screaming truths, inaudible.  
My eyes are full of yesterdays,  
a future that the dream betrays  
unfolds in time-lopes at my feet.  
A thousand ghosts recall my soul  
but still their song cannot console  
the sorrow of once knowing Truth  
concealed behind a veil of lies  
as if our god had closed his eyes  
when I was searching in the dark  
for some faint light, enough to see  
if any sign was left for me.

Running to, running from.  
What ghost have I become?  
What emptiness proceeds from me?  
What shallow joys I quick consume.  
What life surrenders, I exhum.  
This spirit you have given life  
is more lost now than ever could  
be lost if it were understood!  
Begegn the darkness! Seek the day!  
Haunt the twilight! Stalk the dawn!  
Confusion reigns, while peace withdrawn

mocks me in its own cruel way.

What is it weary travelers seek?  
A sleep enshrouding some mystique?  
"Perchance to dream, ay! There's the rub!"  
"To be or not to be" or what  
to be what we are not!

Running to, running from-  
In this shadow, I've become  
both blinded and embraced the same  
by this darkness and this flame!  
Like a moth, I'm drawn within  
the brilliance of this fatal spark.  
The everlight within this dark  
does not reveal itself to me,  
nor serve to guide, as it once did.  
Such needed hopes, The Search forbid.

If ghost I am, then why can't I  
perceive beyond the moment's thrust,  
adjourn this sadness for god's trust.  
Recalling what I dearly know  
to be The Truth that spawned The Dream  
and all else in this life blasphems  
the essence on which Faith is fed  
that only serves to martyr those  
whose purpose is divinely chose.

Running to, running from,  
It's a shadow that is chasing  
ghosts of yesterday's embracing,  
subtleties and whispered legends  
that existed for the guiding  
evening star fire was providing.

Nahaligil I sing your name!  
Inspire me I own your fate!  
Oh, spin the wheel and navigate  
this plasmic vessel to its "birth"!  
To some shore where the Hyades sing,  
where Twilight flew on half a wing,  
Where Rimthyst and Lampblack play  
their fugue upon the tenor's keys  
while ghosts rekindle memories  
of things they saw inside my soul.  
The subtle footsteps in the snow,  
The magic of the afterglow,  
The places no men ever go,  
The voice within the undertow;

Running to, running from,  
I try so very hard to come  
back in time, before my birth  
outheast my spirit on this earth,  
I am a ghost of what has been,  
Déjà vu in endless repeat,  
And what will come is bitter-sweet!  
For I have also been before.

I haunt you with these words and more!  
Find with these eyes that paint the words  
in coloured shadows on your soul  
until your heart can feel my goal  
and keep it like a sacred trust,  
a cosmic consciousness of Truth,  
explained in age, explored in youth.  
The measure of our astral years  
and not the wearing of our flesh,  
which nothing can from death refresh.

This Divine Purpose must be served!  
It is a truth too old to change,  
A Faith which I must ne'er rearrange,  
A course by which to teach and learn,  
and sacrifice much in return

A challenge and a balancing  
that tests the many and the few  
to sort the lies from what is True,  
to accept the things they cannot change  
and hear the ancient voices fall  
and follow what you can recall  
from some fleeting dream, if comes to you,  
bits and pieces of an elder life  
that splits your soul with a fiery knife!  
You know, you must become a ghost  
and haunt the corners of your mind  
if peace you ever hope to find  
among the tatters of your years

That now lie scattered at your feet.  
Your soul stands naked, incomplete.  
Take up the cloak of darkest night!  
The torch of Faith be at your stead.  
Receive your purpose! Forge ahead!

We're ghosts of what we shall become.  
Just shadows, running to and from.



Life Behind the Mask  
(For New Orleans)

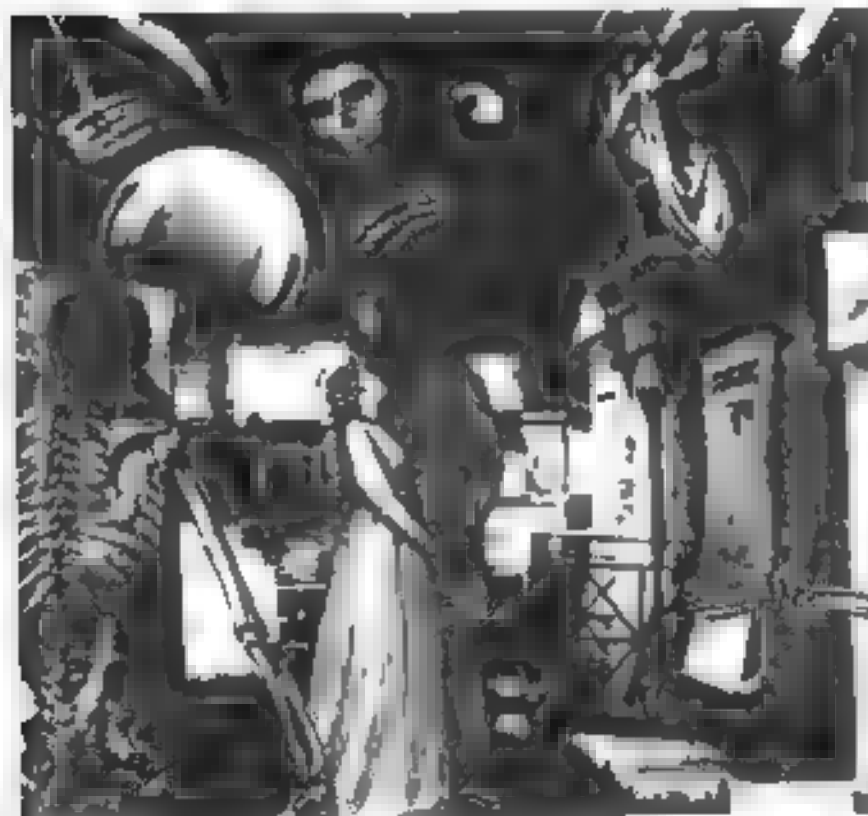
I am here because this world  
has called me  
up from its shallow womb.  
I cannot open my eyes.  
They are still covered over  
with black earth-  
The weight of which  
is too heavy to simply brush away  
as one would  
a stray tear.

I cannot look at you  
for fear that you might see me  
without the comfort of this mask of clay  
that will not crack and fall away.  
Too many tears keep it life-like  
and complacent-  
but I am neither.

There are elementals in my keep-  
harlequins and chameleons  
that counsel me with dual thought  
and bind the mask so tightly  
to my soul  
that I cannot shake it,  
nor them.  
Methinks then that this be

some form of protection-  
against what,  
and from whom  
even we cannot discern.

The mask is one of sorrow-  
shielding sorrow-  
yielding madness trapped  
without a voice with which to scream.



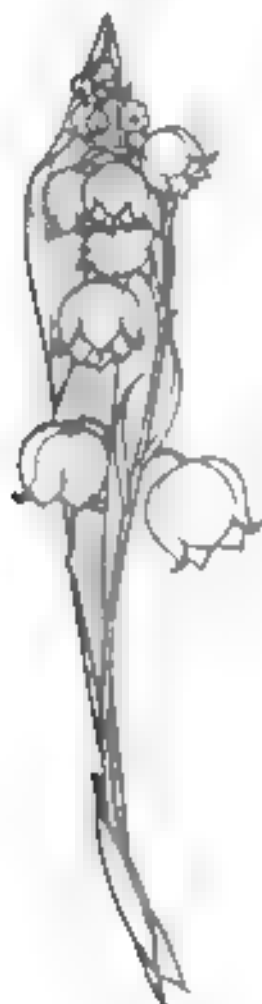
In My Fallen Hours  
(Part 2)

In my fallen hours,  
I have risen to accommodate the need,  
the hunger for completion, the thirst for memory,  
the actualization of Purpose—  
the abyss of Faith,  
that which swallows you, and you become a part of  
That Great Being that you have created,  
and in turn, it has created you.  
That which is bounded outside the flesh,  
yet you try to constrict within.  
Something larger than can be contained  
in one of these smaller vessels,  
‘t’ thing so absolute, so finite,  
yet so enormous that comprehension blinks.  
Some call it God, and claim that it listens.  
I call it Memory, and know that it hears.  
‘t’ distinct and forbearing shadow that trails us  
like light feeds the mist  
into pathways that define darkness from dawn  
and merge that which mankind strives to separate  
That which can never be separated.  
For it has been, shall forever continue to be One.

In my fallen hours,  
I have been aloft above the fields of furtive  
melancholy.  
I can watch the seedlings shivering in the moonlight,

striving to unfold, to take on some semblance of  
beauty.

To flap their little leaves as if they were wings.  
Even the flowers desire to rise above their tether to  
earth.





## Edith Mary Ancient

Must I wait forever  
beside the silent river  
reflecting only memories  
and dreams of some forsaken distance.

Must I be martyr  
to the changes  
and heartaches of time,  
knowing no certainty,  
owing no doubt,  
forgiven by none?

Surely in this vast consciousness,  
this great universal trust,  
some measure of hope remains  
to be followed.

Understand a deeper purpose  
that flesh cannot bind  
nor blood graze  
the original truth  
to which I am pledged.

As are you,  
to your own be bound  
and not sacrificed  
for the sake of the familiar

Forever is too long to wait  
and life, too short to ponder.  
These things, which are like magnets  
draw constant on the soul,  
calling us homeward.

We must respond,  
out of an older bond than flesh,  
if only to touch the ghost  
of that which awaits.  
It is still closer  
than the ancient dream  
that spurred us on  
in this solemn search.

If time cannot wait,  
nor can I  
be consumed by it,  
nor assume it will stop and wait for me  
when I cannot stop for it  
without losing my purpose  
along the way  
and all that I have  
suffered a thousand lifetimes for  
be sacrificed  
for a few brief moments  
on a dying star.

We all have a greater trust  
to gather and follow

a path more ancient and worthy  
than that given us  
by one brief life.

We cannot assume another's path  
nor stand in each other's light,  
nor hold on so tightly  
as to suffocate the love  
we try so dearly to preserve.

We cannot afford to look away,  
nor shield our hearts  
from the calling  
that reaches us all,  
some sooner, some later,  
some, unfortunately, never,  
for they are truly, the forsaken.

We must answer  
or our own lives be wasted,  
without purpose fulfilled,  
without faith, unknown,  
shadowed by the certainty  
of divine failure  
for not using the wisdom  
gained through understanding.

Be not martyr  
to the changes  
that are far older

and more necessary  
than one life's comprehension  
can afford to offer.

Be assured, however,  
in your own purpose  
which is only found  
by answering the call  
of your own special truth.

Do not wait forever  
beside the silent river  
where memories are nothing but ripples  
drifting toward the distance  
of an opposing shore.

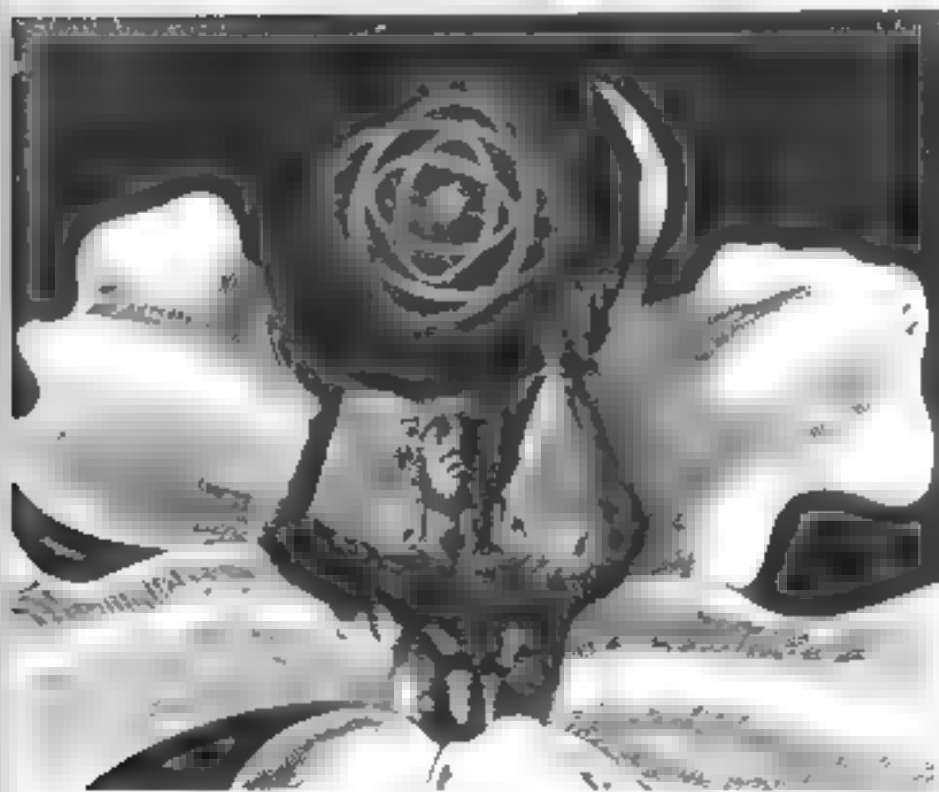
Understand a deeper purpose  
that flesh will not endure  
nor blood bind.

The original truth  
to which you are pledged  
will meet you only  
half-way.

## Coomic Muse

Time unfolds in shadows.  
Each moment cast upon the next  
in an infinity overlapping.

Set in motion,  
it is continuance,  
sailing on a sea  
of endless space  
that forms a circle  
around all things.



## A Shadow in the Half-Light

There is only half-light now where legends once were  
cast.

Where two shores overlapped and time lay  
interbracing  
many folds revealing facets, each from futures  
passing.

Our time was between the changing, magic stillness  
chanting, chanting shadows summoned from a  
twilight sleep,

stretching dark limbs in the half-light, those tall  
spectres

falling into the gentle arms of silent tombs,  
they would drape their naked spirits there reclining  
heads against a cool pillow of marble and moss

reclaiming a strange warmth from an alien sun  
Time and space bend in their presence; These lofty  
kings

preliding over their half-lit keep of bitteraweg.  
Many beds lie empty and many more rest not in  
peace

but in a kind of sad anticipation,

a restlessness of want and silent torment  
constantly reminding that the well is running dry  
and memories will no more replenish nor fantasy  
abide.

This shadow in the half-light of a greater truth



sees only the afterglow and never the flame,  
This ghost casts no reflection in closed eyes,  
yet these tears easily stain the stone cheek of Death.  
For it also is betrayed by a half-told legend  
laid out like a wrinkled shroud, its pattern partly  
hidden  
in a fold, not unlike that of time and space  
where many lost souls and secret meanings slip  
unnoticed.

These proud and empty thrones are mine! The  
gardens mine as well!  
I'll have swayed in the winds of change,  
even the deepest sleepers there awakened and moved  
on.  
They leave no dreams upon their pillows,  
nothing they impart, nor nipples from their passing  
ship  
slipping quietly into a tale twice told  
returns full circle in a dream we hold  
in silhouette against the half-light, it is an empty  
vessel,  
a dark hole in the memory of a final scene.  
This cut-out in the landscape where nothing since  
has grown,  
where some sterile garden lies in veiled obduracy.

What kiss would reanimate this dead lover?  
What omnipotent words be cast like spells of magic

speaking tongues of ancient angels splendiferous  
voice

to conjure lost images from strings of transliterated  
words,

In many mansions have I a guest been laid to rest  
beside such kings that even divine eyes dare not  
meet,

Those days still bittersweet; more shadows in the  
half-light,

haunted melodramas played out between the space  
of moments  
marked with a  
tolling...muffled...neatled...distant...solemn.

Legend has it that a shadow in the half-light walked  
here once,

clothed in nothing more than memories of future  
passed

backdropped by a faint guitar and blackbirds  
singing:

spirits dancing, spectres weeping, others sleeping,  
keeping the legend alive in dreaming and impressing  
the dream

into the fold of Space/Time...we are returning  
to each other in the twilight of a new age  
where a shadow once in half-light is now illuminated  
by the counterpoint stars of two worlds...it seems  
we are always entangled in each other's dreams,  
and our time together between the changing  
magic stillness, still be waning



but what has fallen through the crack of Time  
lands safely on eternal shores,  
and what has been will be again more brilliant  
in the full light lit, your many folds revealing facets  
each from future's passing.



## Muzinga

No wings have I  
Save for those thoughts  
flot in memory

flow easily then  
Were visions  
Given to pinion  
Far above this dream

From which I shall awaken  
Yesterday into tomorrow  
And cast off this heavy cloak  
That imprisons the moment

## End-Time Fragments

It all grows vague and unremembered,  
a silhouette against the dawn,  
I awake caressing vapors  
and the velvet of my bed.  
The shelter of your gentle embrace  
invaded by the sound of life,  
as the world awakes without you  
and you sigh into retreat,  
like the liquid darkness  
that precedes the dawn,  
the blessed,  
and falls away.

Back into shadow,  
sallow vision of dark wings  
descending into the distant horizon.  
I watch  
as the is lifted by the outer gales  
and carried back  
into the stillness of the storm's eye.

Our time is passing  
into that which was.  
If stillness fights to be assembled here,  
here, in the eye of the whirlpool,  
a whisper commands to be heard,  
if voice that is resolute,  
deep and penetrating:  
I am so tired.

So very tired of the journey.  
I am so tangled  
in the phantom threads of time.  
So weakened  
by the rolling out of road,  
and the endlessness of the moment.

My life is vague and unremembered.  
Images, dissolving into a grey haze.  
Dry and brittle still-lives that break away-  
Shards of what I was.  
Diffuse thoughtforms  
encode in dust,  
then trail away  
on the distant wind.

I can only remember the end-times.  
For that is always where it seems to begin.

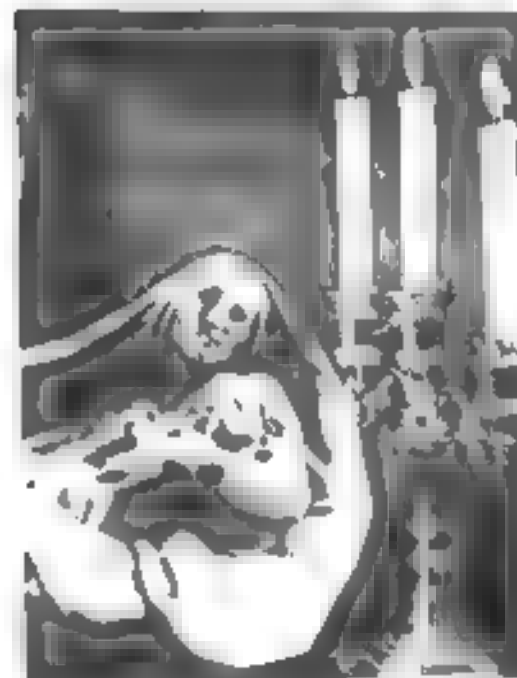
When one life is shed  
for the robes of another.  
Whatever afterglow of memory remains  
explodes like a dying star.

raining embers  
down over the dark waters  
of infinite possibilities.

Each glowing shard rearranged  
and coalesced by a series of ripples:

The cycles of change  
that carry us to and fro.  
Between shores more remote with each journey.  
Our passage is stretched

into a lenuous veil...  
Diffuse, carefree and infinite...  
for the moment, at least



## This is not Paradise.

Birth is neither miraculous nor divine.  
The assuming of flesh is not a "blessed event"  
Birth is the rending of spiritual union.  
The painful descent into duality.  
The sensation of being "pressed" to the point of  
suffocation.  
The striking realization that we can no longer  
extend ourselves  
to touch the spans of time and bridges of space  
Only a spark of one's True Self is ever delivered  
into this world.  
It's no wonder that we emerge wailing and  
screaming!  
Why is it that no one questions the cries of the  
newborn?  
It is because of the pieces of precarnate memory  
that we issue forth into this world with a  
banisher's cry.  
The horror of being cleaved in two carries the  
wailing from one world, into the next.  
If this were an empathic world,  
we would know what the newborn is feeling.  
We would, ourselves, remember!  
But, no ... this is an expressive world.  
One in which we must elicit our feelings with cold  
impersonal sounds.  
Thus, the newborn speaks its agony  
in the way of its new world.

A paroxysm of screams appropriate to the emotion.  
As time passes, whatever trace memory remains  
is slowly washed away by new thoughts;  
The bright, shining images of a colourful  
dimension.  
The old senses are deprived by the overload of  
new sensations.  
Eventually, we adapt to our limited prison  
and learn how to work within its narrow confines.  
Before long, almost all prebirth recollection  
is either deeply suppressed and locked away,  
or simply lost forever to the new persona.  
Isn't it ironic though,  
that we spend the rest of our little lives  
struggling to remember  
and striving after who and what we are and what  
"ITs" all about.  
We are all trying to ignite an inferno  
from that one, single spark that trailed us.  
We are all striving for enough "light" to find our  
way back home.  
We all know that THIS is NOT that place.

### The Hungry Road of Destiny

The Road traverses once again,  
and I am caught amidst the brambles  
of lives decaying all around me...  
I close my eyes...the road still rambles.

Past quaint vistas of amber grey  
and dawnlight bathed in misty green,  
These ancient days, not long ago,  
seem so resplendent, so pristine

to all the chaos I have seen,  
bore witness to in failing light-  
The sweet surrender of human nature  
to the ever constant ecology...

we call flop, into our grieving state  
and drown soliloquies in tears,  
quite aware that we are dreaming,  
and have been for countless years.

And all the while we carry on,  
proclaiming Purpose at our stead,  
when all the while, in secret hours,  
we resurrect the living dead.

Cold memories to stir our sleeping,  
fragments of the past unfold,  
We drag them out onto a stage  
they are too large to hold.

They have become like idolon,  
a massive fortress in our head.  
We cannot bear to bury them,  
so we take them to our bed.

Our bed becomes the universe,  
so much space, yet so alone.  
We toss and turn and never sleep;  
Our garden is so overgrown...

with weeds, and shadows,  
lust for life, and so  
we wallow in this keeping  
of a harvest, never reaping  
any flowers, and seeds...  
stray thoughts are cast like weeds  
upon the foiling winter wind.  
The road retraces once again  
the beaten path, the riverbed  
lies hungry for you up ahead.

Beware that it may swallow you!  
Tread lightly midst the field of dreams,  
and feed it with your memories;  
Sweet whispers morphing into screams!

I am here! And I am now  
Remember me as you return  
into that which you are keeping;

Barren harvest, never reaping  
and flowers, any seeds-  
The hungry road is paved with needs  
never wholly satisfied  
until the need itself has died,  
has given up the glowing ghost,  
envisioned in its purest form  
is nothing more than sanctuary  
from the future's coming storm...

The road traverses once again,  
and I am cast like stone to sea,  
a sacrifice unto the moment  
that feeds into Destiny!

## Blue Angel

When the Blue Angel speaks,  
it is with a solemn song  
and cathedral carillons  
humming in a distanced distance.

I hear the shadows  
dancing into the afterglow  
and the far away whispers  
carried on the nightbird's wing  
settle into fading corners  
and twilight wood.

I can taste the sweetness  
of the valley of the shadow  
and glimpse faint apparitions  
waiting in time  
for an open hand  
and a cup of faith  
to quench their journey.

Blue Angel smiles.  
I can sense the half-life  
that has become him  
and touch the walls of time  
that hold him  
captive between both worlds.  
His back to the light  
and face in the shadows.  
His song seems to come

from everywhere.

His tongue glides me,  
though its message clear  
somehow transcends language  
and wording as we understand it  
and elicits thought  
from mind to mind  
and soul to soul,  
A telepathic code  
and universal song  
so proud and melancholy

Here, between the change of hours,  
the space of moments  
turning of the day  
is revealed all knowledge  
of here and hereafter.

Still that are too bright  
to see against the light  
are seen against  
approaching night

and those that hide in shade  
while all seeing star is high  
come forth and dance  
in day's last light  
together on the edge of time.  
I am the threshold

on which they cross,  
a catalyst between two worlds.

In silent awe beside a stream  
Blue finger sings to me  
while shadows wither  
at my feet  
their touch is haunting still  
even as the night reclaims  
the souls misplaced in dreaming.



### For Dick in His Waning Hours

You shall lie down your flesh with grace  
and take up your sword with honour  
full knowing what accepting that burden entails,  
and you shall want of that path  
no more, no less than the humility of its purpose,  
the magnitude of its need.  
The eloquence of a soul matched  
to its true image,  
free from the humbling masks of men  
that they are not ready to understand...  
the true strength-  
To be, in form and nothingness  
no less than the compassionate and mighty warrior  
that you have always been...  
Michael at my side,  
The one who watches over mankind,  
the who has seen their birth,  
and shall attend to their ascension.

And I shall be there beside you,  
family, as we have always been,  
my brother, my own  
to share in the planting and the harvest.  
Only the tender blooms survive.  
Those that remember enough  
to know how to bend with the winds  
and not break in their galas.  
Innocence is fleeting.

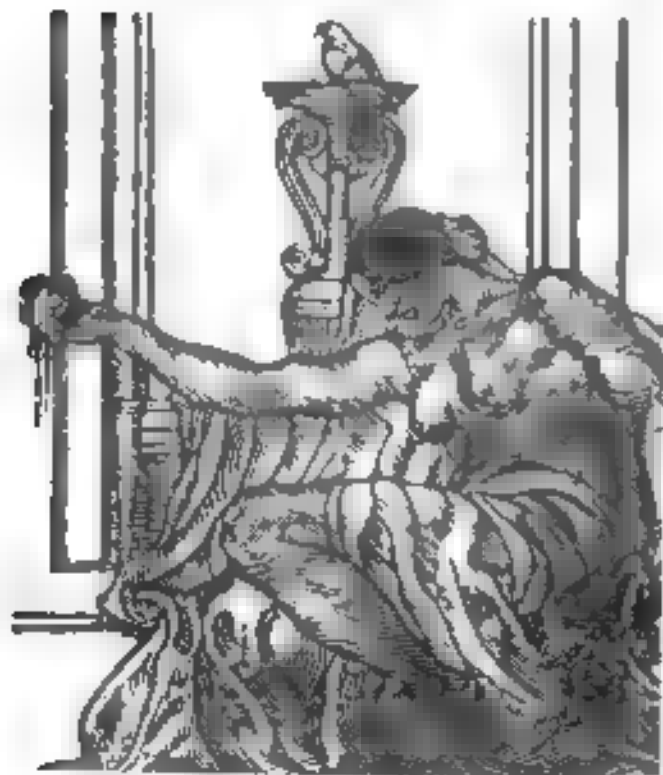
but wisdom is the gift of innocence remembered-  
it need not be maintained,  
only nurtured on the thrust of the blade,  
ever sweet,  
and just as tender as the blossom it assails.



## In Kind

The greatest sweetness known to flesh  
is the quenching of the heart,  
when the slayer of souls runs you through  
and rapture tears you apart.

Remember to bestow a kiss  
on the one that sets you free,  
Remember this, and nothing more,  
and I'll remember thee.



## Sorrow...

is not a silent sound.  
It is a noise more boisterous  
than a victory dance,  
More resonant than  
an end-time reverie,  
And infinitely more solemn  
than Death, itself.  
Sorrow is alive,  
A grey and forlorn  
wandering thing,  
An exile from the empty void,  
Something that is doomed  
to eternal solitude  
even in the crowded universe.

There are stories  
the star-gazers tell  
of strange lamentations from  
the sky,  
Echoes heard in the dead of night  
by solitary souls  
peering through long, metal tubes.  
"It all seems so distant,  
yet sounds so close."  
Anyone who's gazed  
at the stars on a large,  
quiet night  
can hear the call,  
A siren beckons

from the vast, jeweled sea.  
 Its song is haunting  
 and familiar.  
 It draws on the soul  
 like a powerful magnet.  
 To resist the call is agony..  
 To acquiesce, is bliss.



## The Veil

In everything is sorrow,  
 pledged like virgins to the beast  
 Years aloft on golden wings,  
 each feather falls into the moment,  
 and Time, so spacious in this pool  
 becomes eternal when we blink  
 and everything returns to dust  
 and dust is what we drink,  
 comingled with the blood of hope  
 and tears of joy and milk of love,  
 the chalice of our heart is filled  
 with memories and dreams and will  
 and Purpose, like the new moon waxes  
 retelling tales of long dead lives,  
 and some small part inside us shudders  
 as that point in time arrives.  
 Deja'vu comes crashing down.  
 Keep smiling, but don't let on  
 that this has happened once before.  
 The tide within begins to swell  
 and all of time is but a rouse,  
 a lie, a figment of the mind  
 implanted by a loving hand  
 and to the rouse, we are consigned.  
 The gate lies open, the hour sealed  
 the threshold teems with multitudes and shades  
 and as we sleep, they share our dreams  
 and as we dream, we give them life.

They walk amongst us all our days,  
we rarely notice, hardly care.  
Their whispers subtle in our ears  
like some forlorn and distant prayer  
spurs us on to seek the flost,  
the one who brought us to this place,  
this netherworld of here nor there  
lies gaping, hungry for our soul.  
The mouth of sorrow, poised and moist  
awaits the kiss to wake the dream,  
so subtle, yet so cold and deep  
and ever fleeting it may seem-  
The kiss of Death has sealed your lips  
with joy that words cannot express,  
with sorrow in the trail of tears  
patinaed on your weathered face.  
You've danced and laughed and sang and cried  
and drowned in tears of many lives,  
yet never having truly died.  
Each moment falls into the next  
like drops of rain into the sea,  
our dust upon the earth is sown  
in fields along forgotten paths  
our seeds lay buried midst the stones  
and few will tend the flowers there  
nor see them dance, nor hear their song.  
Great sweeping wings of sweet despair  
unfurl to gather 'neath the stars.  
The shades queuing in the mist,  
their arms outstretched like blades of light

cup the chalice heart in hand,  
thirsty for the glowing tears  
that fall like stars from Death's dark eyes.  
We walk amongst them all our days  
but hardly ever recognize  
we shall become what they are now,  
the harbingers of lives undone,  
the shadows by the wayside cast  
or dreams, like feathers we have shed  
until our souls can fly no more...  
In everything is sorrow tied,  
the fabric from our feathers made,  
this tapestry of dust and dream  
like worn robes on Death's altar laid.

### Purpose

With love as your sword  
and Faith as your shield,  
go boldly into the battlefield.

The clarion call  
it has been heard  
from innocent tongues  
falloth The Word.

Come listen not  
with ears and mind,  
but with heart and spirit,

Truth defined  
is nothing more  
than what remains  
when life grows silent.  
Death explains.

### The Chalice Emptied

Your hollow eyes  
reflect many worlds,  
deep, dark dimensions  
beyond the moment's abyss.

I see  
all of time  
in their darkness  
by the pale glow  
of a distant, blue flame.

Eternal bliss  
waits on your still lips,  
poised for the kiss  
that tastes of bitter clay  
and sweet cold.

My heart  
pressed up  
against your decayed breast,  
brittle, resonant  
like an echo  
from the distant void,  
skeletal arms creaking,  
pulling me closer,  
entwining our bones,  
fusing our lips,  
quenching my heart.

consumed by Death...  
My heart,  
now silent in this hand-  
The last drop of life  
falls heavy to the floor.

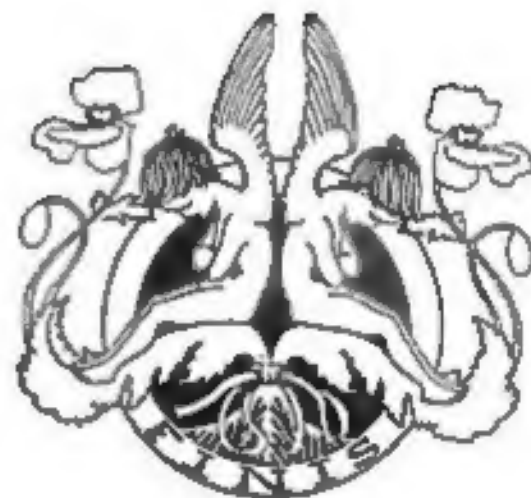


### Epitaph

To this Earth, Death, his beloved gave,  
whose mantle and chalice fill this grave.  
Though the spirit of love not contained  
ventures to the river unrestrained.  
Ever homeward towards that twilight gloom  
to join again with life's dark groom  
and if, "in strange zone even Death may die",  
forebode that be, for the time is nigh!  
Look ever towards the western sky  
and watch Orion's waking eye  
on the city that lays beneath the sea,  
when the shadow falls, remember me!

## Ripples

Ours is but a gentle fury  
Requiring many years  
To carry  
On the winds of change,  
Not in one brief life  
Shall we overcome  
The paradox  
That time creates,  
Nor shall we  
The sacred lie  
That sustains this world.  
My life is merely  
A stone cast into a lake,  
And my words  
Shall be like ripples  
On the greater ocean.



Other books by the author:

*Threshold*

*Twilight Harvest*

*Firethyme & Lampblack*

*Infinite Possibilities*

*Songs of the Blue Angel*

*Shadows in the Half-light*

*Our Name is Melancholy- The Complete Books of Astral*

*The Necromantic Ritual Book*

*End-Time Fragments*

*Encounters With Death*

*Love Never Dies- The Journal of a Necrophile*

Kellah Wendell is the world's foremost recognized researcher of Death personifications and encounters. Member of the Author's Guild/Author's League of America, and author of 12 books and scores of articles on the subject. She is also a fine artist, sculptor, published poet and proprietor of The Weatgate Museum in New Orleans, Louisiana, the first and only gallery devoted exclusively to Necromantic Art & Literature. 2000 celebrates the 21st Anniversary of Weatgate. Born on Long Island in the state of New York and best known for her 1988 ground-breaking title, "Our Name is Melancholy- The Complete Books of Astral", and over 25 years of research and documentation via "The Astral Project Worldwide", she currently resides in New Orleans, LA. In what is commonly referred to as "The House of Death", Kellah's first literary love has, and continues to be, poetry. "Eros in Exile", what you now hold in your hand, is but a sampling of the hundreds of poems Kellah has written over her lifetime.

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Neeromantic Verse



And so shall the litanies of love & death be told,  
on these pages torn with time, ever brief within your hold,  
Savor the moment, for it passes quickly from your eyes,  
and everything that ever lived, before you softly dies.

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